

love was not enough by rainsoakedcoat

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: But no one dies, M/M, Not Happy, Period-Typical Homophobia, Suicidal Thoughts, Unhappy Ending, just a vent sesh, season 1!au where billy knows about the upside down and moved to hawkins before steve was a senior, this shit is not happy okay pls be careful

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Summary:

this is the end, isn't it?

love was not enough

Author's Note:

two queer boys being selfish and naive. they have no one to guide them, so this is what happens.

letting off a lot of steam by writing this, so it's heavy.
pls take care to avoid this fic if the subject matter is triggering for you.

billy stared at steve, eyes burning. he was on the verge of tears, ready for anything. steve was panting, hands on his knees, barely able to get his words out.

“billy, quit running, dude, i can’t keep up!”

“why do you want to keep up? why can’t you just leave me *the fuck* alone?” billy could hear his own voice choked up with tears.

“because i care about you, dumbass! jesus, i swear my kidneys are giving out on me.”

“it’s not your kidneys, harrington.”

steve smiled a bit. it seemed like he was finally catching his breath after chasing billy. billy looked away, staring at the rocks. he thought about jumping, hurling himself over the cliffedge. he’d always wanted to know what it was like to fly, and maybe it was time he learned how to.

“billy.”

“harrington.”

“why won’t you let me in your head for more than five seconds? i’m so tired of feeling like there’s something you’re not telling me.”

billy sighed, kicking at a rock. he watched it fall all two hundred feet, plopping down. it felt so insignificant.

just like their conversation.

“dude, you’re doing it now.”

billy made to sit down, letting his feet dangle. “harrington. there’s a lotta fucked up shit going on up here,” he gestured to his face. “that you just don’t need to know about.”

remaining standing, steve ran a hand through his hair. “you don’t—you don’t have to tell me about all of it. i just... i just want to know what you want and what you don’t want, you know? don’t give me the run-around.”

he sucked his teeth. “you think i’m *obligated* to let you in on what’s going on in my head, pretty boy?” steve winced. “you think i should just tell you what i’m thinking about, twenty-four seven? oh, maybe i should tell you when i need to take a shit, how about that? would you like that, princess?”

billy could feel himself getting mean, and he didn’t like it. he didn’t want to push away the only boy that saw him, that felt him, and didn’t push him away. he wanted to throw himself into the sun he wanted to drown he wanted to just stop breathing and change his name and move across the country—he did, and what did it fix?

nothing.

steve was fully grimacing now, when billy was able to breath enough to see straight. “billy, i... i love you, man. i just want you to know that i care about you, and want you to feel like you can tell me about stuff, you know?”

billy’s heart stopped. they’d never talked about love before. they’d never said ‘i love you.’ billy wasn’t worth loving, wasn’t worth the kindness, wasn’t worth the time of fuckin’ day.

he bit out, “love isn’t enough, steve. love isn’t enough to keep us alive when the entire fucking town wants us dead. love isn’t enough to keep my dad from beating me to death when susan isn’t there. love isn’t enough to keep me from killing myself because this life is just too fucking hard, steve. is that what you want? you want to hear me

crumble?”

billy's tears finally began to fall, making tear tracks in the dirt and blood crusted on his cheeks. his voice wobbled, but he kept going, the words still tumbling out, as he watched steve pace with frenetic energy.

“i love you too, harrington. i want you to know i dreamt about this moment, the moment someone would actually look at me and say they love me and fucking *mean it*. it hurts me to know that you love me, because how could someone like you ever love someone like me, huh? i'm fucking broken. i'm a disgusting piece of shit. i hope you find some nice girl like nancy and you settle down with six kids and another huge fucking mansion. because guess what? you fucking deserve it, asshole.”

billy could see steve was starting to cry too, his hair deflated, hands ripped up from fistfighting. he still couldn't sit down though, pacing as though he could find a way through this conversation. billy hated it. he wanted steve to accept that what they had would never be what they both needed it to be.

“steve. listen to me.”

steve's face crumpled further. billy never used steve's name, especially not in such quick succession.

“billy, i can't.”

“you can, and you will. you're strong enough to fight a fuckin' demogorgon, you're strong enough to talk to me about this right now.”

the two of them made eye contact, tears running freely. “i love you, and nothing will change that. but this town would eat us alive. you deserve better than that.”

“haven't you thought about what i want? do you think i haven't thought about this, billy? you're putting words in my mouth. saying love isn't enough is selfish. what if i wanted to move? what if i wanted to find a town that liked us enough to leave us alone?”

“you’re so naïve! i lived in california and they still wanted me dead! that’s why neil fucking moved us out here. he never lets me forget it either. if he knew i was still doing ‘faggot shit’ out here in the boonies, he’d have my head. literally, dude.”

“why don’t you move in with me? we can just run away once we’re both done with classes. please, billy, please.” steve was on his knees now.

billy couldn’t look at him anymore. “that would never work, and you know that. we can’t just pretend our problems are gone the moment we start playing house. you’ll eventually hate me. everyone does.”

“i wouldn’t hate you, billy, what the fuck are you on about?”

“you would resent me! i would just tie you down! i have no friends and no future! don’t pretend like there’s something beyond you coming home from a bigshot job just to see me lying around on a couch with no one to talk to and nothing to do. don’t let me become a trophy.”

“that’s not true, billy. we can travel the world, i’ll make my parents pay for it. we’ll find somewhere to live, we’ll be in love, we’ll be happy. we’ll both make new friends.”

“your parents will pay for you to go, and i’ll be left here. and i’ll be happy with that. you deserve a life. don’t worry about me.” billy looked back at steve, crying on his knees. he resented him in that moment, wishing he would walk away. wishing he’d hit him like a man.

“love is enough, billy. you just choose for it not to be. is this really the end?”

billy looked at the man he loved. “it’s over, steve.”

steve closed his eyes. billy stared at him, memorized the curve of his jaw, the lines of his curls, the way his fists clenched and unclenched.

“fuck.”

“yeah.”

he could feel his stomach knotting, his heart ripping in half. he was torturing himself, but it was for the best. they could never be. not the way he wanted them to be.

“can i kiss you one last time?”

“always, princess.”

steve meandered over to billy, gently gripping his face, pressing their bloody faces together, kissing like their worlds were ending. they fell onto the ground, and billy felt his stomach ease up a bit as the two of them held each other for the final time, pressing kisses to each and every inch of skin available to them.

billy cried into steve’s hair, heaving breaths shaking their bodies in the hours of dawn. in another life, love would have been enough.

“i love you.”

“you too.”

and it was the end, just like that.

Author's Note:

let me know what you think about this.

i've got a chaptered fic almost ready for this fandom, so stay tuned for that, if ur interested. <3

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